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THE HISTORY OF THE CAMERONS.

By the EDITOR.

XI.

SIR EWEN CAMERON—*Continued.*—REMARKABLE INCIDENTS
IN HIS EARLY CAREER.

LOCHIEL having disposed of the enemy at the battle of Achadalew, as described in our last, proceeded to count the number of his opponents slain, and found not less than one hundred and thirty-eight lying dead on the scene of the conflict, not a soul having escaped except the Irishman already mentioned, and another who subsequently became Lochiel's cook, and acted most loyally as his servant ever after. Lochiel having lodged the night after the battle in the house of a woman on Lochiel-side, whose son was among the few slain of Sir Ewen's followers, took his prisoner along with him, when the woman, taking into her head that the stranger, who accompanied Lochiel, was the man who had killed her handsome and brave son, immediately attacked him, and would have strangled him had not Sir Ewen interposed, separating them, and sending his prisoner, under guard, to another house for the night. He found him ever after most zealous and trustworthy, ready to do anything his master required of him, often at the risk of his own life. The author of the *Memoirs*

relates two stories which well illustrates the difference between the ideas and tempers of the two classes of men—the Highlanders and their English enemies. The courage of the Southrons, he says, was merely mechanical, flowing from discipline and habit, and serving simply for their bread, while that of the Highlanders, was “from the notions they have of honour and loyalty, and of the services which they think they owe to their Chief, as the root of the family, and the common father and protector of the name. As this has something of greatness and generosity in the principle, so the actions flowing from it participate of the same spirit. Of this we have already had an illustrious example [in the case of Lochiel’s foster-brother]; and, indeed, the almost unparalleled bravery of the Camerons, during the terrible and extraordinary skirmish described, exemplify the same in a number of persons. Nor did it less appear in the generous emulation that inspirited them to exert the utmost efforts of their strength and courage before their young Chief. One of them having shot an arrow at too great a distance, and Lochiel observing that it did not pierce deep enough to kill the man, cried out that ‘it came from a weak arm,’ at which the Highlander thought himself so much offended that, despising all danger, he rushed among the thick of the enemy, and recovering his own arrow, plunged it into the man’s body to the feathers. This action would have cost him his life if Lochiel had not quickly detached a party to his relief.” The character of the English soldiery our author illustrates thus:—“After their defeat, being hard put to it by the pursuing enemy, they plunged into the sea in hopes of recovering their ships. One of them, observing that a piece of beef and some small biscuits had dropped out of his pockets by the floating of the laps of his coat, he, preferring the recovery of his provisions to the safety of his life, fell a-fishing for them, and had his head divided into two parts by the blow of a broadsword as he was putting the first morsel of it into his mouth.” Not one of them, however, called for quarter, and in the confusion of retreat not one parted with his arms, but with his life. “They were pitied more than blamed. They did all that men could do in the circumstances they were in. Not a single man of them betrayed the least cowardice, but fought it out with invincible obstinacy while any of them remained to make opposition, and their frequent attempts

on the Chief's life, even after quarters were offered, show that their fortitude and courage remained so firm to the last, that they disdained to be survivors of a defeat which they looked upon as shameful and ignominious. In short, they were not conquered, but destroyed." This proves that the Highlanders had a very sturdy enemy to deal with, apart altogether from the great inequality of numbers they had to contend against.

Colonel Bryan, Governor of Inverlochy Castle, was quite oblivious of what was taking place within some three miles of his garrison, until a few of the workmen, who had fled from Achadalew, when the fight commenced, had reached the Castle; but before the garrison could turn out the Irishman, already referred to arrived, and informed the Colonel that the whole of his party had been cut to pieces. The men in the other ship—which during the engagement had been on the opposite shore, a little westward of Achadalew—discovered that their friends had been engaged with the Camerons, and they thereupon sailed in the direction of the scene of carnage, but did not go ashore until Lochiel had retired with his men, when the English landed "and beheld the dismal fate of their countrymen, whose bodies they put on board the other empty vessel, which they hauled along with them to Inverlochy." On their arrival they were met by the Governor and his officers, whose astonishment, upon seeing the dead bodies exposed, was inexpressible. Our author informs us that "the deep wounds and terrible slashes that appeared on these mangled carcases seemed to be above the strength of man. Some had their heads cut down a good way into the neck; others had them divided across by the mouth and nose; many, who were struck upon the collar-bone, showed an orifice or gash much wider than that made by the blow of the heaviest hatchet; and often the shearing blade, where the blow was full, and met with no extraordinary obstruction, penetrated so deep as to discover part of the entrails. There were some that had their bellies laid open, and others with their arms, thighs, and legs lopped off in an amazing manner. Several bayonets were cut quite through, and muskets were pierced deeper than can be well imagined. The Governor and many of his officers had formerly occasion to see the Highlanders of several clans and countries, but they appeared to be no extraordinary men, neither in size nor strength. The

Camerons they had observed to be of a piece with the rest, and they wondered where Lochiel could find a sufficient body of men of strength and brawn to give such an odd variety of surprising wounds. But they did not know that there was as much art as strength in fetching these strokes, for, where a Highlander lays it on full, he draws it with great address the whole length of the blade, whereas an unskilful person takes in no more of it than the breadth of the place where he hits. He is likewise taught to wound with the point, or to fetch a back-stroke as occasion offers, and as in all these he knows how to exert his whole vigour and strength, so his blade is of such excellent temper and form as to answer all his purposes." This is how the terrible nature of the wounds were accounted for. When the actual facts regarding this sanguinary conflict became known, the conduct of the Highlanders became the subject of admiration throughout the whole kingdom. "Lochiel was by all parties extolled to the skies as a young hero of boundless courage and extraordinary conduct. His presence of mind in delivering himself from his terrible English antagonist, who had so much the advantage of him in everything but vigour and courage, by biting out his throat, was in every person's mouth." The devoted self-sacrifice of his young foster-brother, to save the life of his Chief, was also the theme of admiration and astonishment among those unacquainted with the affection and devotion of the Highlanders to their chiefs, especially in the case of a foster-brother.

Mrs Mary Mackellar, so well acquainted with the history and traditions of her native district of Lochaber, relates the following curious incident:—Sir Ewen used to say that the only time he ever felt the sensation of fear was in connection with the incident of biting out the Englishman's throat in the ditch at Achadalew. When at Court in London, many years after this, he went into a barber's shop to have his hair and beard dressed, and when the razor was at his throat the chatty barber observed—"You are from the North, sir." "Yes," said Sir Ewen, "I am; do *you* know people from the North?" "No," replied the irate barber, "nor do I wish to; they are savages there. Would you believe it, sir; one of them tore the throat out of my father with his teeth, and I only wish I had the fellow's throat as near me as I have yours just now." Sir Ewen's feelings may be more easily

imagined than described as he heard these words and felt the edge of the steel gliding over the part so particularly threatened. He never after entered a barber's shop.*

Almost immediately after the Achadalew affair, Lochiel resolved to join General Middleton, requesting those of his people who lived near Inverlochy to make peace with the Governor, who demanded no other terms than that they should live peaceably towards himself and his garrison. This agreement was soon arranged, and the people thereby secured from ruin during their leader's absence from the district. The Governor was put off his guard, and he began to send out parties for wood and other materials to strengthen his fortifications. Lochiel, however, was kept well informed of what was being done, and, returning to the district, he, one day, posted himself with a body of his most resolute followers, less than half-a-mile to the westward of the stronghold. He was not long here, when, the same morning, a body of two hundred men were sent out from the garrison in Lochiel's direction. On observing them he detached twenty of his men to a secret place to their rear—between them and the garrison—with orders to rush out and meet them in case they should retreat, as they naturally would, in that direction, after they were attacked in front by the Camerons. They marched in good order to the village of Achintore, when Sir Ewen and his band furiously rushed forward, scattering them in all directions; for the memory of Achadalew was enough to strike terror into their hearts, when they were so suddenly and unexpectedly attacked by a force the strength of which they could not know. The men in ambush rushed out to meet the flying enemy, gave them a full charge of their firelocks in front, and then charged them with their broadswords, killing at least half their number. The remainder who escaped were pursued to the very walls of the fort, while many of them were taken prisoners and distributed among such of the Camerons as lived a considerable distance from the Castle.

Lochiel with his devoted and gallant band then returned northwards, and found General Middleton, by whom they were received with great demonstrations of delight and triumph. Nothing of importance took place for a considerable time after

* "Guide to Fort-William, Glencoe, and Lochaber," p. 54.

this. Lochiel was, however, constantly in action, daily becoming a greater terror to the enemy. Middleton was anxious to force on a battle, but his principal officers openly opposed him, and ultimately his army almost melted away.

Meanwhile Lochiel received intimation that the Governor of Inverlochy was taking advantage of his absence, and, for the purpose of providing the garrison with an ample supply of fuel for the incoming winter, was cutting down a considerable portion of the Lochaber woods. Annoyed at these proceedings Sir Ewen asked and received permission from General Middleton to return home with about a hundred and fifty of his men, leaving the main body of his followers at head-quarters, to avenge the conduct of the Governor in stealing his wood. He started at night, marching by unfrequented paths through the mountains, and soon arrived in the neighbourhood of the English garrison without his movements having been discovered by the enemy, and he was soon informed by his friends of circumstances which enabled him successfully to execute his designs of revenge without any delay.

The woods on which the English were employed were on the shoulder of Ben Nevis, about a mile eastward from the garrison. Lochiel marched to this place, called Strone-Nevis, early next morning after his arrival, posted his men, and gave them the necessary instructions. He kept sixty of them under his own immediate command, placed in a tuft of wood at a point opposite where the soldiers sent out from the garrison, with the hewers of the wood, always took up their position. Two other bodies of thirty men each he told off to his right and left, respectively, in places where they were completely concealed, commanding them to rush forth as soon as they heard the concerted signal, which was to be a great shout of "Advance, Advance!" as if the wood was full of men. The remainder of his men took up their position in a pass between the wood and the garrison, where they were to lay in ambush, and not to move unless they saw that the enemy were making a strong resistance when attacked by the Highlanders in front; but if they noticed them running away they were to rush forward to meet them and place them between two fires, give them a volley in front, and then attack them with their swords, killing as many of them as they could, but giving quarter to any who threw down their arms.

About four hundred of the English marched forth from the garrison, and took their usual position, quite innocent of the danger which immediately awaited them. Everything turned out as Lochiel anticipated, and a general slaughter at once ensued. The Highlanders, issuing forth from their places of concealment, made a great noise, which was loudly echoed by the surrounding mountains. This, accompanied by the simultaneous sounds of a great number of bagpipes, frightened the enemy so much that they made no resistance; for they thought themselves surrounded by large bodies of Highlanders pouring in upon them from all sides, and they resolved that the best way to save themselves was by flying at their highest speed. More than a hundred of the English were killed on the spot, and the remainder, having been attacked by those lying in ambush, between them and the garrison, a second slaughter at that point was the result. Not more than a third of the four hundred men escaped; and these were pursued to the very walls of the fort, all in such a short time that it was matter of history before the Governor actually knew that his men had even been attacked. Not a single English officer escaped, the reason being that they were the only persons who had the courage to offer any resistance to the Highlanders. Among them was a great favourite of the Governor, who became so exasperated at the loss of his friend and that of his men that he was furious with rage, and swore immediate revenge upon Lochiel and his clan.

For this purpose he next morning ordered out his whole garrison, consisting of about fifteen hundred men. Lochiel had, as usual, timely notice of his movements, and, betaking himself to stronger and higher ground, kept in view of the enemy, as he himself marched round the mountains with pipes playing and colours flying. He tried to induce the English commander to follow him and so get entangled in the woods or in the narrow paths and other obstructions abounding in the neighbourhood, where Lochiel could successfully attack, but the Governor was too wary. After traversing many difficult and rugged paths he returned, and by the help of good guides, found his way to the garrison, with all his men, but heartily fatigued and disgusted with his fruitless expedition. The Camerons, who closely followed, repeatedly insulted them, and whenever the nature of

the ground favoured them, and they came inconveniently near, they invited them to "advance," for their Chief was there ready to receive their Governor, if he wished to speak to him ; and such other tantalising and insulting remarks.

The name of the young Chief had now become such a terror that the men of the garrison were careful to give him as few opportunities as possible of annoying them, though he occasionally managed to capture or kill small parties of them. Many amusing and curious adventures, in which he took the leading part, are still the talk of the district, and the following, recorded by his biographer, is worth giving :—" A good part of the revenue of his estate being paid in cattle, and commonly sold to drovers, who disposed of them to others in Lowland markets, he employed a subtle fellow, who haunted the garrison, to whisper it adroitly among the soldiers, that a drove belonging to him was on a certain day to pass that way, and that, Lochiel himself being now returned to General Middleton, it might easily be made a prize of. The fellow managed it so that it came to the Governor's ears, who gave private orders to seize the cattle. Against the day prefixed, Lochiel ordered some cows with their calves to be driven with seeming caution and privacy to a place at a proper distance from Inverlochry ; but before they came there the calves were taken from their mothers, and driven separately a short way before them, though always in their sight. This, as it gave from a distance the appearance of two droves, occasioned a reciprocal lowing and bellowing, which, being reverberated by the adjacent hills and rocks, made a very great noise. The soldiers were quickly alarmed, and ran, without observing much order, as to a certain prey ; but Lochiel, who lurked with his party in a bush of wood near by, rushing suddenly upon them, with loud cries, had the killing of them all the way to the garrison." The Governor became so enraged at the frequent tricks played upon himself and upon his men by Lochiel that he set such a close watch on him that he narrowly escaped being killed or captured on repeated occasions soon after. A few of these hairbreadth escapes, and how he finally arranged favourable and highly honourable terms with the Governor of Inverlochry, will be detailed in our next.

(To be continued.)

A TALE OF THE STRATHNAVER CLEARANCES.

My great-grandfather, Roderick Mackay, rented the fertile farm of Mudale, at the head of Strathnaver. It was a beautiful spot by the side of the river, and the home was endeared to my ancestor by its being the place where his father and father's fathers had lived and died for generations. The house was comfortable and substantial, and it was famed far and near for its hospitality; no stranger having ever been turned from its door without having his wants supplied. Nor did this kindness overtax them, for they had food in abundance. They had flocks and herds, and lived in ease and comfort.

It used to be told of him that, instead of a regular stock-taking, he once a year gathered his sheep, cattle, and horses into a curve of the river, and, if the place was anything well filled, he was content that he had about the usual number, and did not trouble about figures. He went with his surplus stock occasionally to the southern markets, and was entrusted with buying and selling for his neighbours as well—not on the “commission agent” system of the present day, but as an act of goodwill and friendship.

My great-grandmother was a “help-meet” in all things to her husband. They had one son and two daughters, the youngest of whom was my grandmother. They were honest, God-fearing people, loved and respected by all who knew them, and leading a life of peace and contentment, expecting to end their lives among their friends, in their dear home, as their forefathers had done. A small cloud, not bigger than a man's hand, was hanging, alas! over Strathnaver. Practical men from other lands were scouring hill and dale, and casting covetous eyes upon the beautiful and fertile valley, while accepting the hospitality of the noble people whose destruction they were planning. The small cloud spread with frightful rapidity, and a storm burst over Strathnaver that laid happy homes in ruins, extinguishing the light of joy for evermore in hundreds of human hearts. My great-grandfather, being a rather extensive landholder, was the first to suffer, and his death-warrant could not have caused him

greater dismay than the notice to quit his home. His flocks were scattered, and had to be sold for whatever they could realise. His house—the home of his ancestors—was burned before his eyes. His effects were turned out to the roadside, and his wife and family left without shelter. By permission of the incoming tenant they were allowed to take possession of a small sheep-cot near their former happy home. My great-grandmother, a brave woman, did all she could to cheer her husband in his sorrow, and the son strove to save all he could from the wreck, but the old man would not be comforted. He went about in a dazed condition, which was most pitiful. He would neither eat nor drink, and continually asked if they thought he would get leave to be buried in Mudale, beside his people. Nothing could rally him, and in a short time he died. His wife then broke down completely, and did not survive him long. They both died in that small sheep-cot, or as I used to hear my grand-aunt, their daughter, put it, “Ann am bothan fail.” They got their wish as to their last resting-place, for they sleep in peace with those who went before them, ere the inhuman laws of men made that beautiful valley what it now is—a wilderness.

My grandfather, Ian Bàn Mackay, lived in Rhiphail, about twelve miles further down the glen, and he also, like the rest of his kith and kin, was doomed. He had served in the Reay Fencibles, and for his good conduct was made confidential servant to the Colonel of the regiment, who was himself a Mackay. When my grandfather was evicted my mother was twelve years of age, and she vividly remembered the incidents as long as she lived. The family were shifted from one place to another, until in two years they had no less than five removals. Ever as they went the black flood of eviction followed them, until at last they landed, or stranded rather, on the stony braes of Tongue. There they had to build some kind of abode and subsist as best they could. Their eight milk cows had dwindled down to one; for they had to part with them from time to time to obtain the bare necessities of life.

A short time after their settlement at Tongue the potato crop failed, and the grain crops as well, when the ever-to-be remembered famine set in with all its horrors. The disasters and miseries of that time have been described by several—foremost

among them the great Hugh Miller. I only relate what concerned my own immediate relations, as I often heard it told, amidst tears, at our own fireside. My grandfather found it hard to provide for his family in these times, and at last it became impossible. It was reported that relief came, and that at Tongue House, a mile distant, there was food enough for all who required it. My grandfather was urged to go to the factor for assistance, but he was a Mackay and a soldier, and the bread of charity was to him a bitter morsel. One morning, however, things came to a crisis—the last spoonful of meal had been made into gruel for a sick child, the last fowl was killed and cooked for the family, and starvation stared them in the face.

My grandfather had then no alternative but to go to Tongue House. He found, however, that the corn there had more restrictions than that of Egypt. He found the factor did not believe in giving charity in a charitable manner. He was severely examined as to his character and conduct, as to his present ability or future prospects of paying for the meal. If he could not pay it then, the factor demanded a guarantee that he would pay it in future. At last he consented to give one boll of meal to my grandfather, and in exchange he was to get the one milk cow of the family. The cow was named "Shobhrag" or "Primrose," from her yellow colour. Owing to the scarcity of food, she had to be milked many times in the day, and so one of the children, a precocious little girl of seven, called her "Shobhrag nam beannachd" (the Primrose of blessings). The name stuck to her, for she was dearly beloved by the family. She was a gentle creature, who did not run away or get into trouble like other cows; and she was petted and made of by the children, whilst to the parents she was the one link that bound them to happier times. No wonder if the father's heart was heavy as he thought of his sad bargain, and wondered how he could break the news to the family. On his way home he met the Rev. Hugh Mackenzie, minister of the parish, who, on hearing the sad story, went and paid for the meal, and so "Shobhrag" was spared to them in their grief. Mr Mackenzie sent also seed corn and potatoes, and gave his own horses to plough their land, while he personally attended the family when afterwards stricken with fever—the sure concomitant of famine. Every member of the family hovered for a time

between life and death. The good clergyman supplied wine and other articles of nourishment, and gave medicine, of which he had considerable knowledge. There did not seem much to live for; but then, as now, people were tenacious of life, and in course of time the family recovered. Better times came; but too late for the head of the house; he never recovered from the shock of his severe trials, and he died a comparatively young man.

I remember my grandmother, a sadly depressed woman, with a world of sorrow in her faded blue eyes, as if the shadow of the past was always upon her spirit. I never saw her smile, and when I asked my mother for the cause, she told me that that look of pain came upon my grandmother's face with the fires of Strathnaver. Strange to say, when even my mother was in her last illness in May 1882—when the present was fading from her memory—she appeared again as a girl of twelve in Strathnaver, continually asking, "Whose house is burning now?" and crying out, now and again, "Save the people."

Edinburgh.

ANNIE MACKAY.

SUTHERLAND EVICTIONS AND BURNINGS.

TESTIMONY OF LIVING EYE-WITNESSES.

MR JOHN MACKAY, C.E., Hereford, the well-known friend of the Highlanders, himself a native of Sutherlandshire, sends us the subjoined important documents. He writes in the following terms:—"While at Bettyhill in August last, during the sitting there of the Royal Commission, I had the pleasure of meeting several old men in the neighbourhood. On entering into conversation with them, upon the subject of the Strathnaver Clearances, I found their recollection of them so vivid, and their relations so truthful—none of them would say anything more than he himself saw—that I thought it was worth something to have them taken down there and then; but not having sufficient time at my disposal, and being informed that there were many more in the parish who had been eye-witnesses of those scenes, I got Mr Angus Mackay, Divinity Student, Farr, to take down the evidence for me, and have it attested." The statements, in all cases, were carefully

taken down in Gaelic, translated into English, read to the declarant again in Gaelic and English in the presence of the witnesses who attest them, and who understood both languages; the statements were then signed by the cross or name of each declarant in presence of the witnesses, who there and then attested each document on the date recorded upon it, in presence of the declarant. Mr Mackay has since presented them to the Royal Commission as part of his evidence in Edinburgh. They are as follows:—

RODERICK MACLEOD, 78 years of age, crofter and fisherman, Skerray,
Parish of Tongue.

I was born at Grumb-mhor, where I lived for eight years, and now occupy a small croft near the edge of the cliffs at Skerray. I was working at a road that was being made on Strathnaver, a good few years after I was driven from the Strath myself, when I saw the following townships set on fire:—

Grumb-mhor, with 16 houses, | Achmhillidh, with 4 houses.

All the houses in these two places were burnt, with the exception of one barn, which was left to be used as a store by those working at the road.

I recollect of Branders, who had the charge of Sellar's burning gang, coming to one house there, where an old woman and her daughter-in-law lived. The woman was very old and frail, and had nowhere to go at such a short notice. Branders, therefore, as Sellar himself was not present to see, taking compassion on her, gave her permission to remain for a night or two longer in the house, until she could get some bothy beyond Sellar's satrapy, where she would be at liberty to live or die.

Few, if any, of all those families burnt out knew where to turn their head, or from whom or where to get the next meal, after being thus expatriated from the homes to which their hearts so fondly clung.

It was sad to witness the heartrending scenes that followed the driving away of these people. The terrible remembrance of the burnings of Strathnaver will live as long as a root of the people remains in the country. The people when on Strathnaver were very comfortable.

I declare this statement of mine is true.

RORY MACLEOD.

Witnesses, | WILLIAM SUTHERLAND.
30th Aug. 1883. | MURDO MACKAY.

WILLIAM MORRISON, 89 years of age, crofter, Dalacharn, Farr.

I was born at Rossal, on Strathnaver, and remember well of seeing the following townships on fire:—

Rossal, with about 20 houses. | Dalvina, with 2 houses.
Dalmalam, with 2 houses. | Achphris, with 2 houses.

The people as a rule were, in these townships, expected to be away from their houses before those employed in burning came round. This was generally done, but in a certain house in Rossal there lived an old woman who could not remove with the rest of the neighbours. She could not build another house were she to remove. To this poor person's house came the cruel burners in their turn, and set fire to it in two places, heeding not her piteful cries. The burners, however, treated her kinder than

was their wont, for they carried her out of the burning house, and placed her on the grass with some of her own blankets about her.

I cannot say what became of her afterwards, but surely it was cruel enough that she should be thus left exposed to wind and weather, deprived of all shelter and destitute of all means. For people to say that there was no cruelty or harshness shown the people when they were burnt off Strathnaver, is a glaring lie which no amount of flowery language can hide. Sellar's son can, no doubt, wield the pen well, but he will find he has undertaken an impossibility when he tries to prove that his father was a good man. Most assuredly he was a cruel tyrant.

I declare this statement of mine is true.

WILLIAM MORRISON.

Witnesses, { DONALD MACKENZIE, Minister, Free Church, Farr.
25th Aug. 1883. { ANGUS MACKAY, Divinity Student, Farr.

GRACE MACDONALD, 88 years of age, Armadale, Farr.

I was born on Strathnaver, in a place called Langall, and was nineteen years of age when we were evicted from the Strath. I remember well the burning of the houses. I saw the following five townships burnt by Sellar's party:—

Langall, with 8 houses.

Totachan, with 2 houses.

Coile an Kian, with 2 houses.

Ealan à Challaidh, with 2 houses.

Sgall, with 4 houses.

There was no mercy or pity shown to young or old—all had to clear away, and those who could not get their effects removed in time to a safe distance had it burnt before their very eyes.

On one occasion, while Sellar's burning party were engaged in setting fire to a certain house in Langall, a cat belonging to the premises leapt out of the flames. Some one of the party seized the half-smothered cat and threw him back into the flames, where it was kept till it perished.

The evicted people had to go down to the bleak land skirting the sea-shore, and there trench and reclaim land for themselves.

They got no compensation or help from the proprietor, and some of them suffered very much from want of food the first winter. They were happy on Strathnaver, with plenty to take and give, but are all very poor now.

The unsatiable greed of Sellar was the cause of all this.

I declare this statement of mine is true.

GRACE MACDONALD.

Witnesses, { MURDO MACKAY.
29th Aug. 1883. { MARY MACLEOD.

Widow BETSY MACKAY (Drover), 86 years of age, Kirtomy, Parish of Farr.

I am a native of Strathnaver, and saw some of the burnings that took place there. I was born at Sgall, a township with six houses, where I lived till I was sixteen years of age, when the people in the township were driven away and their houses burnt.

Our family was very reluctant to leave this place, and stayed for some time after the summons for evicting was delivered. But Sellar's party came round and set fire to our house at both ends, reducing to ashes whatever remained within the walls. The occupants had, of course, to escape for their lives, some of them losing all their clothes except what they had on their backs. The people then had plenty clothes (home spun), which they made from the wool of their sheep.

The people were told they could go where they liked, provided they did not encumber Sellar's domain, the land that was by rights their own. The people were driven away like dogs who deserved no better fate, and that, too, without any reason in the world, but to satisfy the cruel avarice of Sellar.

Here is an incident that I remember in connection with the burning of Sgall. My sister, whose husband was from home, was delivered of a child at Grumb-mhor at this time. Her friends in Sgall, fearing lest her house should be burnt, and she perish in her helpless condition, went to Grumb-mhor and took her with them in very cold weather, weak and feeble as she was. This sudden removal occasioned to her a fever, which left its effects upon her till her dying day.

I declare this statement of mine is true.

BETSY MACKAY.

Witnesses, { ALEXANDER MACKAY.
29th Aug. 1883. { MURDO MACKAY.

WIDOW DAVID MUNRO, *Strathy, regarding Ceann-na-Coille*

I was seven years of age when this portion of Strathnaver was cleared. There were six families in the township:—Hugh Mackay, J. Campbell, Angus Mackay, John Mackay (Macro), William Mackay, and my father, William Sutherland. I remember distinctly the position of the houses. Our family consisted of six girls and one boy. We received orders to quit our abode on term day. All the men of the village were away except my father, who had removed his furniture to an out-house before Sellar arrived. He was an intelligent man, sometimes acting as teacher, and when the company arrived to set fire to the house, he requested that, in consideration of his services to the House of Sutherland, by going with the rents of the townships to Dunrobin, etc., etc., they would be good enough to spare the out-house, whither he might retire during the night; and that he himself would set fire to it next morning. This was ruthlessly refused, and we had to remain all night on a green hillock outside, and view our dwelling smouldering into ashes.

I declare this statement of mine is true.

MRS DAVID MUNRO.

Witnesses, { ADAM GUNN.
18th Aug. 1883. { ALEX. MUNRO, Strathy West.

BELL COOPER, *82 years of age, Crask, Farr.*

I was born at Achness on Strathnaver, where I lived till I was eleven years of age. All the people in the township were then removed and their houses burnt. Our family had to leave with the rest, but we were allowed to build a house on the other side of the river, at a place called Riloisgt. Here we were allowed to live for five more years, and then were evicted a second time.

During these five years Sellar was busily engaged working out the desolation of the east side of the Strath, and I was an eye witness of the burning of all the houses between Rossal and Achcaoilnaborgin. I cannot say how many houses there were in the district between these two places, but I saw them all burnt myself. I am sure there would be between two and three score at the least.

The west side was left unmolested, while the east side was being burnt, as Sellar was unable to stock both sides of the Strath at once. By the end of these five years he grew richer, and was able to manage both sides. Accordingly, he came again with his burning gang and commenced the destruction of the west side of the Strath. This he succeeded in doing, and the house in which I lived with my father was the first set on fire.

For some days after the people were turned out, one could scarcely hear a word with the lowing of cattle and the screaming of children marching off in all directions. Sellar burnt everything he could lay his hands upon—in some cases the very hens in the byres were burnt. I shall never forget that awful day.

I declare this statement of mine is true.

BELL COOPER.

Witness, { MURDO MACKAY, Student.
29th Aug. 1883. {

GEORGE MACDONALD, *84 years of age, crofter and mason, Airdneskich, Farr.*

I was born in Rossal on Strathnaver, and was about fifteen years of age when that township was burnt. Every house was burnt to the ground. I cannot remember the number of houses in Rossal, but I would say there were about twenty. There were four other townships near this, each with about the same number of houses, all of which were burnt on the same day; but I remember of seeing none of these houses actually on fire except one, for I was away driving the cattle at the time, though I saw the burnt ruins a few days after.

The house which I saw set on fire was that of one Chisholm, who lived in Badinloskin. Sellar and his party approached this house and told Chisholm that, if he would not make off with his family and all that belonged to him, they would soon give them a hot bed. Chisholm refused to leave, and Sellar himself, who was present at this instance, urged his followers to help him in putting the house on fire. His orders were immediately obeyed, and in a few minutes the house was all ablaze. Chisholm's mother-in-law, a very old woman, was confined to bed through infirmity, and was unable to leave the burning house along with the other inmates. Although Sellar and his men well knew that she could not move, they took no notice of the poor wretch, and had not some of her own friends rushed in and rescued her, when already the bed-clothes were on fire about her, she would have certainly perished on the spot. The woman never thoroughly recovered, and a few days thereafter died from the effects of the fire and the fright she took. My father, when his own house was set on fire, tried to save a few pieces of wood out of the burning house, which he carried to the river, about half-a-mile away, and there formed a raft of it. His intention was to float the wood down the stream, and build a kind of a hut somewhere to shelter his weak family; but Sellar's party came the way, and, seeing the timber, set fire to it, and soon reduced the whole to ashes.

When the people came down from the Strath to the sea-shore, where their descendants are living now, they suffered very much the first winter from the want of houses. They hurriedly threw up earthen walls, stretching blankets over the top to shelter them, and, cooped up in a small place like this, four or five families spent the following winter. No compensation was given for the houses that were burnt, neither any help to build new ones. Having brought with them large flocks of cattle, and there being no food for them, they almost all died the first winter. Strathnaver was not all cleared the same year, but the people were burnt out from year to year, just as Sellar was able to take and stock the places—first the east side of the Strath, and then the west side. Some people were removed three or four times, always forced farther down, until at last the sea-shore prevented them from being sent any farther, unless they took ship for the Colonies, which many of them did. I was a neighbour of Donald Macleod, who wrote a book on the Strathnaver Clearances, and can conscientiously say that he was a truthful and honest man. His book, I am sure, contains the truth, having read some of it myself, most of which I could substantiate.

I declare this statement of mine is true

GEORGE MACDONALD.

Witnesses,	{	DONALD MACKENZIE, Minister, Free Church, Farr.
25th Aug. 1883.		DONALD M'DONALD, Aird.
		ANGUS MACKAY, Divinity Student, Cattlefield, Farr.

(To be continued.)

CELTIC MYTHOLOGY.

BY ALEXANDER MACBAIN, M.A.

VIII.—BRITISH RELIGION—(*Continued.*)

WE have thus discovered in Don and his children the powers of sky and air, answering to Jove and his Olympians of Classical Mythology; in Nudd and his son Gwynn we have probably found the powers that rule over the land of "shades," corresponding to Pluto or Dis; and we now come to consider the third family of British deities, Lir and his children, whom we shall find to be the British and Gaelic equivalents of Neptune, the sea-god, and Aphrodite, "daughter of the foam." Lir, or as the Welsh spell the name, Llyr, is the same as the Gaelic *lear*, found in the Ossianic poems, and signifying the "sea." Lir is therefore the personification of the sea—the sea deified. He is a deity common to both Britons and Gaels; indeed, it may rather be said that he is more properly a deity of the Gaels transferred into the British pantheon. The epithet *Llediaith*, or "half-speech," that is, "dialect," which is attached to his name, goes to show that he was not a deity of native British origin. We are therefore justified in considering Lir as the sea deity of the ancient remnant of the Gaels still surviving and maintaining their ground in Wales in the fifth century, and represented as then expelled by Cunedda and his sons. They were, however, more probably slowly absorbed by the Welsh, who were then pressed westwards by the Saxons. All the legends preserved in Welsh, connected with Lir and his family, point to a strong Gaelic influence, if not to a Gaelic origin. Of Lir himself nothing is said in the Welsh legends beyond his being the father of so many children; in Ireland he is represented as striving for the sovereignty of the Tuatha-De-Dannan, the Gaelic gods, with Bove Derg, son of the Dagda, and, when defeated in his aspirations, as retiring to Sidh-Fionnachaidh. Here he leads the life of a provincial chief, and all else that we know of him is the cruel transformation of his four children by their wicked aunt and stepmother. Lir has also another name; at least he must have had another name, or else Mannanan, his son, and Cordelia, his daughter, must each have had two fathers. In some tradi-

tions they are both represented as the children of Llud. The same confusion, of course, appears in the Irish genealogy of Mannanan; for the most part he is known as the son of Lir, but in the genealogies he is set down as the son of Alloïd, doubtless the original, or, at least, the equivalent of Llud. Professor Rhys thinks that Llud stands for Nudd, the N changing into Ll, because Llud also received the title of Llaw Ereint, "silver-handed," just as the Irish King Nuada did; and the principle of alliteration required the changing of Nudd Llaw Ereint into Llud Llaw Ereint. And Nudd, besides, was somehow a god of the sea; what was the necessity of two chief sea-gods? We have interpreted Nudd as a god of the "land under the waves," and not as the sea-god proper; and, again, the Irish Alloïd is distinctly against any such change of letters as Nudd into Llud, besides its being otherwise far from probable that such a change should occur on any principle of alliteration. Lir, under the name of Llud, is, in the histories and tales, the brother of Cassibelaunus, Cæsar's opponent, and in his reign Britain was troubled with three direful plagues: the Coranians, a people "whose knowledge was such that there was no discourse upon the face of the Island, however it might be spoken, but what, if the wind blew it, it was known to them;" second, a shriek that occurred every May eve, that created all kinds of terrors and horrors; and, third, the king's winter provisions disappeared every year when stored. From these plagues the wisdom of his brother Llevellys freed King Llud. Lir appears in the pages of Geoffrey of Monmouth as an old British king, who reigned long before Llud, and who had three daughters, whose story forms the groundwork of Shakespeare's tragedy of King Lear.

Mannanan, the son of Lir, is in the Welsh Myths one of the seven—that mystical number, so common in the old Welsh poems—who escaped from Ireland on the death of his brother, Bran, the blessed, king of Britain. Returning with the head of Bran, the seven heroes found the throne usurped by Cassibelaunus and retired to Harlech, where the birds of Rhiannon kept them enchanted by their music for seven years; and after this they feasted for eighty years more at Gwales in Penvro, from which place they set out to London and buried Bran's head with its face to France. As long as Bran's head was left there facing France no invasion of Britain could be successful. Un-

fortunately Arthur exhumed the head, declaring that he would maintain the country against any foe without need of supernatural safeguard. In his subsequent career Mannanan is seen to be a deity who presides over arts and commerce, a god who is "deep in counsel." He and another of the mythic seven wander about doing artificers' work; he successively tries saddle-making, shoemaking, and shieldmaking, trades in which he out-distances all competitors as a matter of course. From the Irish accounts of him, Mannanan Mac Lir, appears to be a god of sea and wind. Cormac, Archbishop of Cashel, of the ninth century, describes him in his glossary like a true Euhemerist, as "*Manannan mac lir*, a renowned trader who dwelt in the Island of Man. He was the best pilot in the west of Europe. Through acquaintance with the sky he knew the quarter in which would be fair weather and foul weather, and when each of these two seasons would change. Hence the Scots and Britons called him a god of the sea, and hence they said he was son of the sea, that is, *mac lir*, 'son of the sea.'" Mannanan is otherwise represented as one of the Tuatha-De-Dannan chiefs. He was the possessor of that wonderful steed mentioned in the story of the "Children of Tuireann." Luga of the Long Arms "rode the steed of Mannanan Mac Lir, namely Enbarr of the Flowing Mane: no warrior was ever killed on the back of this steed, for she was as swift as the cold clear wind of spring, and she travelled with equal ease on land and on sea. He wore Mannanan's coat of mail; no one could be wounded through it, or above it or below it. He had on his breast Mannanan's breast-plate, which no weapon could pierce. Mannanan's sword, The Answerer, hung at his left side; no one ever recovered from its wound; and those who were opposed to it in the battle-field were so terrified by looking at it that their strength left them and they became weaker than women." In the curious story called the "Sick-bed of Cuchulainn," Mannanan is represented as a fairy chief who deserts his fairy bride Fand, but Fand is helped and loved by Cuchulainn, mortal though he was. Mannanan on discovering this, returns to his wife and shakes his magic cloak between her and Cuchulainn, so that they should never meet again. This magic cloak had also the effect of producing forgetfulness of the past. Of Mannanan, Mr Elton says: "In him we see personified the splendour and swiftness of the sun;

the god rushes over the waves like a 'wheel of fire' and his three-legged shape recalls the giant strides of Vishnu. He was the patron of traffic and merchandise. The best weapons and jewels from across the sea were thought to be gifts from the god."

Branwen, "white-bosom," the daughter of Lir, is the central figure of the most tragic of Welsh myths. She is married to Matholwch, King of Ireland, who treats her badly. Her brother Bran, coming to know of it, invades Ireland. The Irish yield, and build a house big enough for Bran to enter into, a thing he never hitherto could get, so enormous was his size. But the Irish had decided to murder their guests at the first feast in the great house. The cleverness of one of Bran's men foils their purpose; there is, however, a general slaughter, in which the Irish have at first the best of it, for they possess a cauldron, into which, when any one is dipped that is dead, he comes to life hale and sound. But the cauldron is discovered by the already-mentioned one of Bran's men, and he breaks it. Bran is killed, and only seven return of his people to Wales. The story as a whole is a very widely-spread one; it appears in about a dozen forms in Teutonic lands—the Volsung Saga and the Nibelung story being the most famous forms of it. Probably there are in the myth the evidences of a time when Celt and Teuton lived not too amicably together on the banks of the Rhine, a supposition which would obviate the necessity of supposing the Celtic version a borrowed one, inferior though it may be in some details. Another legend represents Branwen or Brangwaine as helping the loves, illicit though they be, of Tristram and Iseult. It is she that hands to Tristram the fateful love-potion which binds him irrevocably to Iseult. Hence Mr Elton considers her the Venus of the Northern Seas. Indeed, the sea was poetically named "the fountain of Venus," according to the Iolo MSS.; and a verse in the "Black Book of Carmarthen" gives this stanza:—

"Accursed be the damsel
Who, after the wailing,
Let loose the Fountain of Venus, the raging deep."

From this we can easily understand how Branwen may be Venus and daughter of the sea-god as well, just as Aphrodite was sprung from the foam of the sea. Cordelia, another daughter of Lear or Llud, has already been mentioned as the resplendent summer goddess for whom the powers of air and the shades fight every May-day till the day of doom.

In the remarkable Mabinogion entitled "Kilhwch and Olwen," so full of mythologic lore, we can see the true character of at least one of Arthur's knights. This is his seneschal Kai. From the references in this mythic tale, it could alone be proved that Kai was no less than the British Vulcan, the fire-god. "Kai," says the tale, "had this peculiarity, that his breath lasted nine nights and nine days under water, and he could exist nine days and nine nights without sleep. A wound from Kai's sword no physician could heal. Very subtle was Kai. When it pleased him he could render himself as tall as the highest tree in the forest. And he had another peculiarity: so great was the heat of his nature that when it rained hardest, whatever he carried remained dry for a handbreadth above and a handbreadth below his hand; and when his companions were coldest he was to them as fuel with which to light their fire." Such was Arthur's steward! Hephaestus and Vulcan do equally mean duties in the halls of Olympus. The gods laugh heartily at the limping gait and ungainly appearance of Hephaestus as he hands round the cup of nectar. So is Kai often the butt of Arthur's knights. Another of Arthur's knights may be mentioned as probably a degraded war deity. Owain, the son of Urien Rheged, is never mentioned in the older poems and tales without reference to his army of ravens, "which rose as he waved his wand, and swept men into the air and dropped them piecemeal on the ground." We are here reminded of the Irish war goddess who so often appears as, and is indeed named, the "scald-crow" (*Badb*). Odin, too, has his ravens to consult with, and to act as his messengers. Many others of Arthur's heroes partake of the same mythical type; of Arthur himself we shall speak again in considering the Celtic hero-tales. At present, it is sufficient to say that Arthur is, at least, as mythical as any of the rest we have mentioned.

Nor must we overlook Caridwen, who is considered, even by the Welsh themselves, their goddess of nature. She is possessed of a cauldron of "inspiration and science," which, as Mr Nutt points out, may be regarded as a symbol of the reproductive power of the earth. It is doubtless this same cauldron that has appeared in the story of Branwen the daughter of Lir: when the dead heroes were plunged into it they were resuscitated. The Tuatha-De-Dannan were possessed in Scythia of a similar cauldron, similarly employed. Caridwen, the tale says, set her

cauldron to boil, and placed Gwion Bach, the dwarf, and the blind Morda to watch it, charging them not to suffer it to cease boiling for a year and a day. Towards the end of the year, three drops of the boiling liquor spluttered out upon the hand of Gwion, and suddenly putting his hand in his mouth because of the heat, the future and present were revealed to him. The cauldron burst, the fairy returned, and Gwion had to run for his life. Pursued at once by Caridwen, he changed himself into a hare and fled. But she changed herself into a greyhound and turned him. And he ran towards the river and became a fish; she took the form of an otter and gave chase. He then became a bird, and she a hawk, and as she was swooping down upon him he fell among a heap of wheat and became one of the grains. She, however, became a high-crested black hen, scratched the heap, found him, and swallowed him. He was thereafter born as a beautiful boy, whom Caridwen had not the heart to kill. She put him in a leather sack, and cast him into the sea. Being washed ashore, he was discovered, and brought to Prince Elphin, to whom he immediately, child though he was, began to sing most elegant poetry. This youthful poet was none else than Taliesin, "prince of song, and the chief of the bards of the west." The poems ascribed to Taliesin have been called the romance of metempsychosis. "The Druidical doctrine of the transmigration of souls is thought to be hidden in the poet's account of his wonderful transformations." A specimen or two out of many such may be quoted.—

"I have been in a multitude of shapes,
Before I assumed a consistent form,
I have been a sword narrow, variegated,
I have been a tear in the air;
I have been the duller of stars,
I have been a word among letters,
I have been a book in the origin."

And again—

"I have been a sow, I have been a buck,
I have been a sage, I have been a snout,
I have been a horn, I have been a wild sow,
I have been a shout in battle."

Evidently there is in these poems of Taliesin the broken-down remembrance of the old Druidic cult. True enough the poet does show a wonderful and suspicious acquaintance with the "Metamorphoses" of Ovid and his account of Pythagorean doc-

trines, as he also does with even Irish mythology, for he speaks of his place in *S. Caer Sidi*, doubtless the Irish *Side*, thus—

“Complete is my chair in *Caer Sidi*,

No one will be afflicted with disease or old age that may be in it.”

Yet for all this, for all his mingling of Greek, Roman, and Jewish history and myth, we may believe that there is at bottom a germ of genuine Druidic influence, and of genuine Welsh myth. As a matter of fact, the tale of the cauldron appears in the history of the Gaelic counterpart of Taliesin—in the closing scenes of Ossian's career, and not at the beginning, as in Taliesin's case. Ossian, old and blind, tried to recover his youth by magical means. He now lived among little men who could not give him food enough, and consequently he had a belt round his waist with three skewers—*dealg*—in it to tighten his stomach. He went out one day with his gillie to hunt, and by some supernatural means brought down three remarkable deer. These he took home and put in a cauldron to be cooked, bidding his gillie watch them, and on no account to taste any of the food. All went right for a time; the deer were cooked; Ossian ate the first and let out one skewer; he ate a second and let out a second skewer; but as misfortune would have it, while the third deer was simmering in the cauldron a drop of the broth spurted out on the gillie's hand, which he instantly put into his mouth. Ossian ate the third deer and let out the third skewer, but no youth returned to him. The licking of the little drop of broth had broken the spell. The supernatural knowledge and power gained by Gwion Bach do not, of course, appear in this tale, but it may be observed that Finn gained his knowledge of futurity in a manner which, though dissimilar in details, is yet the same in result. Following a strange woman that he saw one day, he came to a hill side, where she entered by a concealed door. Finn attempted to follow her inside, and had his hand on the door-post, when the door suddenly shut on him and jammed his thumb. With difficulty extricating his thumb, he very naturally shoved the hurt member into his mouth, when, lo! he found himself possessed of the gift of seeing future events. This gift, however, he possessed only when he bruised his thumb in his mouth.

(To be continued.)

THE ETHICS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

IX.—DISTRIBUTIVE JUSTICE (*Continued.*)

OF PROFIT AND INTEREST.—1. Having, in the last chapter, treated of labour and capital, and shown that they are of the same generic nature, inasmuch as they are both force in the work of production, it will be more consecutive to inquire now into the correlative subjects of profit and interest, before entering on the consideration of power and wealth. Interest has already been defined as the wages of capital, and I mentioned that the fundamental cause of it must be referred to the natural phenomenon of depreciation. On further reflection, and by the examination of other causes, I believe I have made a discovery, the quest of which has occupied and perplexed abler inquirers. The subject is not only still involved in obscurity, but from the want of a proper understanding of its cause and laws, the same assaults are being made upon it, and upon the rights of capital, by some writers, as are being made upon land and rent.

2. The subject of the cause of interest has been treated of by David Hume, the historian, in one of his philosophic essays, with, perhaps, more research and acuteness of perception, as well as greater felicity of expression, than by Adam Smith. Interest being so immediately connected with the use of money in its three-fold function, namely—(1) real value, as a product of labour; (2) as representing the value of the things exchanged; and (3) as the standard or instrument by means of which the exchange is effected—the fundamental cause of it has hitherto not been discovered, owing, perhaps, to vagueness of ideas regarding collateral primary causes, as the attention of the economists was so concentrated on science that they excluded the light of philosophy from their minds. The subject being one of great practical importance, as well as of philosophic interest, I must ask the reader's thoughtful attention and patience while examining, at some length, the arguments of Smith and Hume.

3. At this stage, it is essential that the component parts of profit should be stated. These are—(1) the wages of the capitalist, who works, or superintends his own business; (2) interest,

which I have termed the wages of capital; (3) risks, which are now usually covered by insurance; and (4) and most important, depreciation, which is sometimes called "tear and wear;" but it must be observed that depreciation takes place in things forming capital which are not subjected to "tear and wear."

4. Adam Smith devotes considerable space to the discussion of the changes in the *rate*, and to the probable causes of these changes, with his wonted clearness of exposition; but he did not enter upon the inquiry as to the fundamental cause of the phenomenon itself; considering, probably, that David Hume had discussed the question with as much ability and research as he himself could bestow upon it. A few extracts from the works of these great authors will fully show the reader the nature of the question—

ADAM SMITH—"Accordingly, therefore, as the usual market rate of interest varies in any country, we may be assured that the ordinary profit will vary with it, must sink as it sinks, and rise as it rises. The progress of interest, therefore, may lead us to form some notion of the progress of profit.

"By the 37th of Henry VIII. all interest above ten per cent. was declared unlawful. More, it seems, was sometimes taken before that. In the reign of Edward VI. religious zeal prohibited all interest. This prohibition, however, like others of the same kind, had no effect, and probably rather increased than diminished the evils of usury. . . . As riches, improvement, and population, have increased interest has declined. The wages of labour do not sink with the profits of stock. The demand for labour increases with the increase of stock, whatever be its profits; and after these are diminished, stock may not only continue to increase, but to increase much faster than before. It is with industrious nations who are advancing in the acquisition of riches as with industrious individuals. A great stock, though with small profits, generally increases faster than a small stock with great profits. Money, says the proverb, makes money. When you have got a little, it is often easy to get more. The great difficulty is to get that little. . . . The diminution of the capital stock of the society, or of the funds destined for the maintenance of industry, however, as it lowers the wages of labour, so it raises the profits of stock, and consequently the interest of money. . . . In countries which are fast advancing in riches the low rate of profit may, in the price of many commodities, compensate the high wages of labour, and enable those countries to sell as cheap as their less thriving neighbours, among whom the wages of labour may be lower. . . . Mr Locke, Mr Law, and Mr Montesquieu, as well as many other writers, seem to have imagined that the increase of the quantity of gold and silver, in consequence of the discovery of the 'Spanish West Indies,' was the real cause of the lowering of the rate of interest through the greater part of Europe. Those metals, they say, having become of less value themselves, the use of any particular portion of them necessarily became of less value too, and consequently the price which could be paid for it. This notion, which at first sight might seem so plausible, has been so fully exposed by Mr Hume that it is perhaps unnecessary to say anything more about it."

DAVID HUME—"Nothing is esteemed a more certain sign of the flourishing condition of any nation than the lowness of interest, and with reason, though I believe the cause is somewhat different from what is commonly apprehended. . . . An effect always holds proportion with its cause. Prices have risen near four times since the discovery of the Indies, and it is probable gold and silver have multiplied much more; but interest has not fallen much above a half. The rate of interest, therefore, is not derived from the quantity of the precious metals.

"Money having chiefly a fictitious value, the greater or less plenty of it is of no consequence if we consider a nation within itself; and the quantity of specie, when once fixed, though ever so large, has no other effect than to oblige every one to tell out a greater number of these shining bits of metal for clothes, furniture, or equipage without increasing any one convenience of life. . . . If gold and silver have increased in the state together with industry, it will require a greater quantity of these metals to represent a great quantity of commodities and labour. If industry alone has increased, the prices of everything must sink, and a small quantity of specie will serve as a *representation*.

"It may be proper to observe on this head that low interest and low profits of merchandise are two events that mutually forward each other, and are both *originally derived* from that extension of commerce which produces opulent merchants, and renders the monied interest considerable. Where merchants possess great stocks, whether represented by few or many pieces of metal, it must frequently happen that when they either become tired of business or leave heirs unwilling or unfit to engage in commerce, a great proportion of these riches naturally seeks an annual and secure revenue. The plenty diminishes the price, and makes the lenders accept of a low interest. This consideration obliges many to keep their stock employed in trade, and rather be content with low profits than dispose of their money at an undervalue. On the other hand, when commerce has become extensive, and employs large stocks, there must arise rivalships among the merchants, which diminish the profits of trade at the same time that they increase the trade itself. The low profits of merchandise induce the merchants to accept more willingly of a low interest when they leave off business and begin to indulge themselves in ease and indolence. It is needless, therefore, to inquire which of these circumstances, to wit, low interest or low profits, is the cause, and which the effect. They both arise from an extensive commerce, and mutually forward each other. No man will accept of low profits where he can have high interest, and no man will accept of low interest where he can have high profits. An extensive commerce, by producing large stocks, diminishes both interest and profits, and is always assisted in its diminution of the one by the proportional sinking of the other. I may add that, as low profits arise from the increase of commerce and industry, they serve in their turn to its farther increase by rendering the commodities cheaper, encouraging the consumption, and heightening the industry. And thus, if we consider the whole connection of causes and effects, *interest is the barometer of the State*, and its lowness is a sign almost infallible of the flourishing condition of a people. . . . Those who have asserted that the plenty of money was the cause of low interest seem to have taken a *collateral effect* for a cause, since the same industry which sinks the interest commonly acquires great abundance of the precious metals. . . . But it is evident that the greater or less stock of labour and commodities must have a great influence, since we really and in effect borrow these when we take money upon interest. It is true when commerce is extended all over the globe the most industrious nations always abound most with the precious metals,

so that low interest and plenty of money are, in fact, almost inseparable. But still it is of consequence to know the principle whence any phenomenon arises, and to *distinguish between a cause and a concomitant effect*. Besides that, the speculation is curious; it may frequently be of use in the conduct of public affairs. At least, it must be owned that nothing can be of more use than to improve by practice the method of reasoning on these subjects, which of all others are the most important, though they are commonly treated in the loosest and most careless manner."

5. The nature of the question has now been fully stated, and as a preliminary remark to all that follows, and as complimentary to Hume's observation, that "an affect always holds proportion with its cause," let it be carefully observed that the price of all commodities depends upon abundance or scarcity in proportion to the *consumption*. The English economists have coined a solecism in the expression "demand and supply" of which the Scotch logicians could hardly be guilty. These are not correlative terms, for there can be no ratio between a demand, which is a request or desire, and a supply which refers to commodities. The word demand is, by itself, a correct enough expression, but its correlative is response, or satisfaction, and not supply, the correlative of which is outlet or consumption. It is the high or low price which regulates the production of any particular commodity which is not limited in nature. It is thus with regard to diamonds, which are so much prized for their brilliance as ornaments. They are scarce in nature and require great search and labour to procure them in small supply; but if the supply could be greatly increased, their price would fall so much that, probably, it would not pay for the necessary labour to procure them. Although so much prized for their brilliance and rarity, yet it is the labour bestowed in digging for them that constitutes their value. It is the same with gold and silver. Gold being adopted with us, and now with almost all European nations, as the standard of value, the price of all other commodities will rise or fall in relation to it, as the supply of it exceeds or falls short of the proportion in which it is required to meet the wants of an increasing commerce; and it has lately been very shrewdly, and with great probability of truth, surmised by Mr Goschen, that it has appreciated, owing to the diminished output of the mines. Although the yield of silver is very large, it is not improbable that its fall in price, in relation to gold, may be partly due to an actual appreciation of our standard. This appreciation of gold,

if it has actually taken place, would seriously affect farmers, who have to pay fixed rents, as the effect would be to depress the price of their produce.

6. It must not be supposed, however, as has been very clearly shown by Hume, that the ordinary rate of interest depends upon the quantity of the precious metals. It is also necessary to keep in view that the fluctuations in the rate of *discount* at the Bank of England arise from a different cause. The rate of discount at the Bank is sometimes above and sometimes below the ordinary rate of interest, just the same as the price of any other commodity sometimes exceeds and sometimes falls below its natural value. This is due to its function as an *instrument* for adjusting international balances, and sometimes the activity of the internal trade, or exchanges (which is of the same nature as the international cause), as well as a feeling of distrust in commercial circles, may force up the rate of discount to an abnormal extent. To illustrate this use of money, as of real value, and as a standard or instrument, let us suppose that in a town or country, there should be a class of dealers, whose business consisted in providing expensive measures for corn, oil, wine, cloth, and the like, for lending or hire. Any sudden demand for these commodities would, naturally, occasion a great demand for the measures, as every holder of such stocks would be anxious to take advantage of the market, and would consequently give an increased rate for the use or hire of the instrument, or of the *commodity*, in case of his not having another convertible commodity to meet the demands of his creditors.

7. But money forms part of the stock or capital of every country, and, as such, is dealt in by bankers as an equivalent as well as measure of value; but the banker does not lend his own capital. He is invariably an intermediate party. There is thus an illusion produced on the mind by not realising the fact that, when we lend or borrow money, we really lend or borrow something else which it represents; for the banker very often gets back the same day from one person the identical money which he had lent to another for six months or a year. We must not, therefore, confound money, as a currency and instrument, with those things which are in reality lent and yield wages, which wages constitute interest. For instance, I borrow money for

investing in horses and ploughs, in fishing boats and nets, or in a ship or steamer. I do this in order to earn wages for myself; but it is clear that I must pay the lender or banker the wages which these things earn.

8. The misconceptions regarding interest have arisen from the circumstance that the consideration of it has been mixed up with the study of the currency, which is a very recondite and difficult subject. Even Adam Smith and David Hume did not entirely escape from involving the consideration of it too much with the discussion concerning the value of money, relative to other commodities, or the purchasing power of money, and they failed altogether to perceive that it forms the principal component part of profit, especially in businesses which are conducted on a large scale. Regarding it as such, it is, therefore, clear that, if profits fall interest must fall, and if profits rise interest must rise, for this is virtually saying that when interest rises interest rises; when interest falls interest falls, and so with the general rate of profits. We then see that capital becoming abundant, its wages, interest, must fall, as it depends like every thing upon abundance or scarcity, in proportion to population.

9. It remains, however, to be proved that interest *is* wages, and in proving that it is, to justify it, and to show that capital is the labourer's *collaborateur* and best friend. It has already been repeatedly stated that the wages of labour have a *ratio* with profits; consequently labour must have a *ratio* with capital, for in proportionals there must be four terms at least, and, let it be carefully observed, that no ratio can subsist or be established between things which are not of the same kind. Euclid's definition is as follows:—"Ratio is a mutual relation of two magnitudes of the *same kind* to one another in respect of quantity." "Magnitudes which have the same ratio are called proportionals. When four magnitudes are *proportionals* it is usually expressed by saying, the first is to be second, as the third is to the fourth." The reader must also be cautioned against confounding the *abstract* ratio of figures or numbers with the ratio of *things*. The importance of these distinctions will appear subsequently, when I come to deal with the sophistries and inversions of the materialistic English economists, who have perverted human reason by the misapprehension and misuse of words and terms.

10. In the previous chapter it has been shown that labour and capital are of the same generic nature, because they are both force. The natural man, being endowed with an inventive genius, has, as it were, formed another man in his own image—the automaton or mechanical man, which we call capital. This mechanical man is, like his prototype, liable to the same accidents, and subject to the same law of decay and death. The *individuals* die, but the *race* increases and leads a continuous life. It is so with the antitype capital. As phenomena of natural and mechanical force they are correlative and homologous. The soul is the reality, and man is but a walking shadow : labour is the reality, and material is but the outward form.

For example, let us instance, firstly, living force in the case of the horse. In his wild native state he has no value, and until lately in Brazil the only value he had was the labour of catching and taming him. It is just the same with regard to the domesticated horse. His value consists in the labour bestowed on the soil to raise food for him, the labour expended on stables for housing him, and the labour of grooming and attendance. But as he exerts more force, and has greater fleetness than man, his day's wages are more than that of a day labourer.

11. It may be said it is because he requires food to repair his system ; but under the law of depreciation—decay and death—what is there which does not require the repairing of its system ? Does the ship not require repairs ? Do the nets, sails, and boat not require repairs ? Does not the steam engine require repairs, cleaning, and lubricating ? What is the food of man but repairs ? That part which is assimilated by the human body is but a film as compared with the amount of oil and tallow which are required by the steam engine. Now, it is just for the self-same reasons that the labourer is worthy of his hire. The command has gone forth to man to replenish the earth and subdue it—to make Nature captive to his will—to modify her asperity and to enhance her beauty ; but the individual man, whilst subject to the sentence of depreciation—decay and death—and during his struggle with the necessities of his environment, is working out “whatever end he means” by bringing to his own relief mechanical forces. If he were not under this sentence there would not be any necessity for labour, and possibly no increase

of population. But, seeing that capital performs more effectively the purposes of humanity in the development of force for reproduction, as well as for overcoming time and distance, and in that way administering more largely to our varied wants and pleasures, it is most obvious that its wages are justified on the same ground as those of the labourer, and that *the cause of interest is derived from the cause of wages.*

12. We see, then, that labour and capital are *correlative and homologous*. But, if there be a ratio between wages and profits, they must also be correlative and homologous in every particular. The four component parts of profit have been stated. The question, then, becomes, are the wages of labour made up of the same component parts?

It requires no further demonstration than the mere statement of fact, as already illustrated in the previous chapter, that the capitalist who conducts his own business deserves wages according to his culture and skill. That rule holds good with regard to the labourer. It has been demonstrated in the last chapter that part of the wages of skilled and professional labour represents capital deposited in the human brain, which is the highest and most valuable form of capital devoted to the service of humanity. But it will be asked how does interest enter into the wages of, say the common field labourer? My answer to this is that, unless he receives a *modicum* to represent the value of intellect in its simplest form in the use of the pick and spade or plough, he is underpaid, and placed on a level with the brute creation, or in the condition of a slave, who requires the superintendence of the lash. The interest in the labourer's wages is freedom's premium! With regard to the component of risks, to the honour of the British Parliament be it said, the Employers' Liability Act throws compensation for accidents upon employers, which acts in an *inverse* ratio; but if wages were enhanced, and that the employed formed an insurance fund for themselves, it would then be in a *direct* ratio. But how does depreciation enter into wages? My answer to this must be the same as that given concerning interest, or the wages of capital. Unless the wages of labour are high enough to repair the human capital in rearing children, providing something for old age, and, finally, for funeral expenses, the wages are too low.

13. I have now demonstrated, not only the cause of interest, wherein consists its justification, but also that distributive justice proceeds in accordance with the law of geometrical proportion, the perfection of which consists in a mean between two extremes, as I shall subsequently show. It must be observed in the meantime, however, that a dual system of agriculture does not conform to the laws of free industries, nor to geometrical proportion. Interest, although *analagous* to rent, is not *homologous* with it, because interest is the wages of capital, which is the creation of labour. Rent, on the other hand, is in respect of land; which is not the creation of labour (except in respect of its ameliorations, which must always be considered as capital), and is, therefore, not homologous with interest.

It is of prime importance that the industrial classes should be thoroughly convinced that the regular rate of interest is not, like rent, a tax on labour, except the interest on the National Debt, which of course is not capital, and the interest of which ought, in justice, to fall exclusively on land, as the Debt was incurred, if not for the defence of the land, it was in order to secure high rents by such questionable means as taxing the American Plantations, and preserving the balance of power on the Continent! Those wars were waged in the interests of landlords alone, who benefited very largely in enhanced rents, whilst the trade and commerce of the country is saddled with the interest on the Debt. It must also be borne in mind that the absorption and destruction of a vast amount of capital had brought upon the country a state of distress of which the present generation has had no experience, and hardly a conception.

(To be concluded in our next.)

INVERNESS SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY AND FIELD CLUB.—The Inverness Scientific Society and Field Club opened its winter session on the evening of the 13th November with the annual meeting. The president, Mr Jas. Fraser, C.E., occupied the chair. The office-bearers for the ensuing year were then elected:—President, Mr E. H. Macmillan; vice-presidents, Sheriff Blair and Wm. Mackay, F.S.A. Scot., solicitor; secretary, Mr T. D. Wallace, F.S.A. Scot.; treasurer, Mr Jas. Ross; librarian, Mr James Barron, F.S.A. Scot.; curator, Mr George Reid; members of council, Messrs C. R. Mannors, C.E.; Geo. Robertson, Alex. Mackenzie, F.S.A. Scot., *Celtic Magazine*; Alex. Ross, F.S.A. Scot.; and Dr Aitken, F.S.A. Scot. The syllabus for the ensuing session contains the following subjects:—"Travelled boulders of Lochaber," by Mr Colin Livingston, Fort-William; "Old iron works at Lochmareae," by Mr John H. Dixon, supplemented by Mr John E. Marr; "Plants of Palestine," by Mr Alex. Ross; "Electrical Measurements, and the theory of the Dynamo, by Mr M'G. Ross, Alness; &c.

A TRADITION OF LOCHABER.

ON the banks of the River Spean, and nearly opposite Keppoch, stands the farm house of "Inch"—"Tigh na h-Innse." At the time of which I write, the tacksman of this place was Ronald Macdonald, a cadet of the house of Keppoch. He was a brave young fellow, of a most soldierlike appearance, and of a high and noble spirit. He fell in love with the daughter of the chief of the MacMartin Camerons of Letterfinlay, "Eili na Leitreach"—as she was called—and the maiden responded to his affection with her whole heart. MacMartin, however, made an excuse of her extreme youth to delay their betrothal, but Ronald feared that the father was hoping to get a richer suitor for his beautiful daughter.

One day Ronald was out deerstalking, and towards night, when preparing to return home, he heard a woman's shriek on the mountain side. The men who were with him got frightened, thinking it was the cry of the "Bean-Shith," but Ronald knew the voice of his beloved. "Follow me," he cried hastily to his men, and before many minutes were over he overtook a gentleman of the clan Mackintosh, accompanied by some of his followers, carrying off Eili, who shortly before had utterly refused his offer of marriage. Ronald fought like a hero, and at last delivered his beloved from the rough hands that held her in bondage; she clung to him in gladness and joy; together they returned to her father's house, and as soon as Eili was in safety, he fell fainting on the floor. His brow had been cut in the most dreadful manner, and the blood streaming from the wound had been blinding him all the way down the hill, although he had said nothing to the maiden about it. He lay ill for a long time after, in Letterfinlay House, and when he returned home to Inch he took his bride with him. She could not bear to be again separated from him, and her father admitted that he had nobly earned her.

The young pair were as happy as such lovers could be, and before they were married a year a daughter was born to them. Shortly after the birth of their child, Ronald found he had to go

to the South on business, and though he felt sorry to be even so short a time parted from his wife, he cheered her with hopes of a speedy return. A young relative of his own, named Coll, was standing, holding the infant in his arms, as Ronald left the house. If I do not return, whether will you marry my wife or my daughter? asked Ronald laughingly. "Both perhaps," replied the lad. The time appointed for his return came, but no Ronald, and for many a weary night Eili sat up waiting to hear his well-known foot approaching the house, but all in vain. Months passed and years rolled on, but he came not, and then they ceased to expect him. Coll remained at Inch, faithful always to the lady and her young daughter, protecting them in every possible way.

Mackintosh began to make proposals again to Eili; she felt sorely afraid of him, and as a protection against him, as well as to reward Coll, she made up her mind rather to marry her faithful friend who had managed everything so well for her during the years of her desolation. Her daughter was now upwards of fifteen years of age, and needed a guardian who could act with the authority of a father. The marriage was duly arranged, and all their mutual friends thought it a very wise step for both to take. On the wedding day a wearied traveller came to the district, and on calling for a glass of water at a house by the roadside, he was told of the cause for the appearance of festivity about the house of Inch, when he said the following words, which have been handed down:—

"Chunnaic mi smùid do thigh na h-Innse,
'S bha mi cinnteach gu'r smùid bhainns'i,
'S tha mi 'n duil a Rìgh na Soillse,
Gur ann leams' tha biadh na bainnse."

He went on to the house and asked for food, which was placed before him in abundance. He inquired if the marriage ceremony was over, and he was told that it was. Then he said—"Will you ask the bride to do me the grace of giving me a glass of whisky out of her own hand, and I will give her my blessing. The bride came, still looking youthful and lovely. She filled the glass, and gave it to the stranger, who rose, and stood looking at her in silence, as if preparing to say words that refused to come. He took off his bonnet, and running his fingers through his hair, exposed his brow. The lady looked, and saw the mark of the

gash that had been made on her husband's brow on the night on which he had saved her from Mackintosh. She looked into his eyes, and crying aloud, "My darling, my darling," she fell on his bosom. It soon became known to the guests that the marriage ceremony of the morning was null and void, and no one was better pleased at the return of the long lost one than the generous-hearted Coll. "Come here my friend," said Ronald, "you cannot have my wife. I have, however, heard to-day of your faithfulness, and you shall have my daughter." The priest was called forthwith, and Coll was married to young Mariot, who had secretly loved him, and sorrowed over his marriage to her mother. "By my garment," cried Ronald, "you kept your word. You said if I did not return you would marry both my wife and daughter, but it was too bad to marry them both on the same day."

Ronald never told what kept him away those fifteen years. It was known that a tale of wrong and suffering could be related about his absence, and that Mackintosh was to blame for it. If Ronald would tell all, he said, the fiery cross would be out at once to gather the Macdonalds to avenge his wrongs; and having got home again he wished to live a life of peace. The happy pair had several children after that, and their grandchildren and their own played together round the same hearth in peace and happiness.

MARY MACKELLAR.

THE "CLACHNAHAGAIG" STONE.

SIR,—I have read with much interest the papers by that distinguished antiquarian, Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, on the "Lower Fishings of the Ness;" but with respect to one remark which occurs in the first paper (in your October No.) I should like, with your permission, to say a few words.

After reciting the terms of the Golden Charter of James VI. giving the right of fishing to the Town of Inverness, "betwixt the Stone called Clachnahagaig and the sea," Mr Fraser-Mackintosh proceeds to state that "the exact site of Clachnahagaig . . . has been questioned, but unnecessarily," and he explains that the stone was "usually and exactly termed Clachnahalig." I submit, sir, that no evidence whatever is produced to show that the "Clachnahagaig" of King James' charter, and the "Clachnahalaig" of certain plans, titles, &c., are one and the same. Any person, or persons, founding rights on the charter are bound to show the "Clachnahagaig" march stone of King James' time; and that might easily be done had the latter stone and its actual position have been guarded with equal care as its *confrère*, the "Clachnacudain," has been.

It is urged that "Clachnahlig" is marked in a plan by May of 1762, and in one by Horne of 1774. This, however, is no evidence as to "Clachnahagaig."

Again, the paper describes the Upper Fishings as terminating at the "Town's lands of Drumdivan, near Balnahaun of Holm." I hold part of the lands of Drumdivan, which comprise the Fortalice of Drumdivan, just above Holme House; the house and lands of Burnside (now acquired by Mr Gordon) and Slacknamarlach: but Drumdivan never, as I understand, went down to the river; the very name, I believe, signifies in Gaelic "The edge of the ridge," as distinguished from the low "Holme ground."

When Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, moved by antiquarian zeal, erected the monumental stone "In memory of Clachnahagaig," we are told that one Charles Fraser, a crofter, "audibly declared" that the stone was "truly placed," which, of course, is evidence *quantum valeat*.—I remain, &c.,

ANGUS MACKINTOSH.

FEUDAL RELATIONS OF LANDLORD AND TENANT.

WASHINGTON, U.S.A., September 25, 1883.

SIR,—In your February number, at page 192, is a report of some remarks of Mr Mackay on the relationship that of old existed between landlord and tenant. He says:—"The feudal system, about which one hears a great deal of nonsense now-a-days spoken, was established in the Highlands as early as the thirteenth century, since which time the chiefs have held the lands as absolute proprietors under written titles, in terms similar to those which were common over the rest of Scotland." This proposition appears to include all the chiefs and all the lands, and in that sense is at variance with history. Mr Burton tells us (vol. II., p. 57) that feudal institutions were established *formally* throughout Scotland before the close of the thirteenth century, but that Celtic customs prevailed in the North; and (vol. VI., p. 35) that in the year 1597 Parliament required the chieftains and leaders of clans to attend at Edinburgh and produce their titles to their lands, but the response was meagre, because *such titles did not exist*. I think Mr Burton elsewhere explains that the Highlanders had a great repugnance to sheepskin titles, which, in an age when the laity had little knowledge of letters, gave opportunity for fraud and imposition; but I have no note of the passage.

It was a fundamental idea of the feudal system that all titles were originally derived from the king. The injustice was in treating this legal fiction as a solid fact, and claiming for the king all lands to which the occupants did not show a paper title. This fiction should, in reason, have been neutralised by another fiction—or rather a legal presumption—that, when one has been in long, uninterrupted, and notorious possession of land, he had received a grant from the proper authority, but had lost it.

Human nature is the same in all ages; and when the United States acquired California from Mexico in 1848, Congress did just what the Scottish Parliament did in 1597—required all persons occupying land to show their paper titles, and if they could show none, their land was declared to be public property. Thus, not only the wild tribes of Indians, but many Christianised and semi-civilised communities had their lands sold from under their feet, and in many cases they were expelled from fields, gardens, and pretty houses.—I am, yours, &c.,

JNO. D. MACPHERSON.

A RUN THROUGH CANADA AND THE STATES.

BY KENNETH MACDONALD, F.S.A., Scot.

X.—CHICAGO—*Continued.*

WALKING along the regularly laid out and spacious streets of the city, and watching the busy crowds passing to and fro, I could hardly realise that fifty years ago the city had no existence ; that little more than sixty years ago its site was unbroken prairie, on which the Red Indian hunted the white man and the buffalo. Yet so it was. This city of half-a-million inhabitants has living in it now, or had until recently, a gentleman who came to the place where the city now stands when there were only two houses on it. In 1833 a village was organised, and four years later (1837) the city Charter was obtained. A local census taken in 1837 showed the population of the new city to be 4179, of whom only one man was reported as having no regular employment, and he was denominated a " loafer." Unfortunately, the proportion of " loafers " in the population of Chicago has increased with the growth of the city. Until 1848 there was nothing in the progress of Chicago to excite special remark, but in that year the first of those lines of communication which have contributed so materially to the progress of the city was completed. This was the Illinois and Michigan Canal, connecting Lake Michigan with the Illinois River, and so with the Mississippi. This canal, with which the main branch of the Chicago river is connected, has been so deepened that it draws the water out of the Lake, so that, as the Illinois river flows into the Mississippi, the waters of Lake Michigan have been made to flow, as it were, " up-hill," and find their way into the Gulf of Mexico. In the previous year—1847—the first railway entering the city, the Galena and Chicago Union, was begun; and so timid were its projectors, that they had a clause inserted in their Charter authorising them to make a turnpike instead of a railroad if they saw fit. By the end of 1848 they had laid only ten miles of line. This modest, and, at the outset, timid enterprise, has now grown into the Chicago and North-Western Corporation, which now owns nearly three thousand miles of railway. In 1852 rail communication

was opened with the East. From that time the progress of Chicago was rapid. Between 1840 and 1850 the population had increased from 4479 to 28,963; in 1853 it had increased to 59,130; in 1855 it had risen to 83,509; and in 1871 the local census gave a population of nearly 350,000.

An English writer who visited Chicago in 1867, describes it as being one of the handsomest and best built cities in the United States, superior in many respects to New York. He says, "There are many beautiful private dwellings in the principal streets, which would be a credit to the West End of London; in fact, there is nothing in London, except a few great mansions, superior to them. The Churches are large and handsome, built for the most part of stone, and the public buildings are not only thoroughly adapted for the purposes for which they are designed, but they are also very imposing in appearance. Birmingham and Glasgow are, compared with Chicago, what the back streets of London are compared with Belgravia. There is no theatre in England, except Covent Garden, so spacious and so commodious as the Opera House here. Some of the streets are built upon for a distance of three miles; they are half as broad again as Regent Street, and as the city grows they may be carried as far out to the West as the inhabitants please, for there is only the prairie beyond. . . . It is impossible to place a limit upon the future growth of this remarkable city. There is an unbounded trade at the back, and the people have done, and are doing, their utmost to entice it here. Two thousand miles of inland navigation are controlled from Chicago, and all the rich country of the West passes its treasures into it." Such was Chicago in 1867, and for four years longer it continued without interruption its remarkable progress onwards. Beautiful buildings, of Athens' (Illinois) marble—says a writer in one of the American magazines—nearly white, rose on all sides, and additions were daily made to their number. The situation and conformation of the city do not differ greatly at present from what they were then. It extends along the Lake shore, which here runs north and south, and, of course, gives it a long eastern water front. The Chicago river, which empties into the Lake, forks very near its mouth; the north branch extending north-westerly, and the south branch first southerly, and then a little south of west. Bounded

on the north by the short main river, on the west by the north-and-south portion of the south branch, and on the east by the Lake, lay—and lies—the most important business section. Bridges were originally built across the river, at intervals of two blocks ; but as the draws were frequently open, and great delays ensued, a tunnel was constructed in 1869 to connect the south and west divisions, and another in 1871 to connect the north and south sides. Many as had been, up to 1871, the solid and stately buildings erected, there remained interspersed among them many more of the wooden structures of former days. For a great many miles the sidewalks, too, were of wood. In the early days of October 1871, the city of Chicago was as active and bustling as at any time in its history. The preceding months had been very dry throughout the North-western country, and farmers were complaining ; but the city people generally were hopeful and contented, and, as usual, absorbed in their occupations and industries. Nothing could have seemed more improbable than that a few hours would send this vast, strong, resolute population from prosperity to ruin, from happiness to despair. Yet, on Sunday evening, October 8, some one, as the story goes, upset a lighted Kerosene lamp in a small wooden building in De Koven Street, on the west side. A gale was blowing from the southwest, and in a few hours the most terrible conflagration known in modern times was fiercely raging. During the whole of that night and the greater part of the next day, the fire continued to rage. The city fire department, although efficient, was exhausted by a large fire on the previous Saturday, and the fire soon outran their efforts to check it. In the division where it originated it burned over 194 acres, reduced 500 buildings to ashes, and made 2500 people homeless. Crossing to the south division, it swept over 460 acres, and destroyed over 1600 stores, 28 hotels, 60 manufacturing establishments, and the homes of some 22,000 persons. Rushing across the main river, it attacked the north side. In a short time, in an area of 1470 acres, where had been the dwellings of 75,000 people, 600 stores, and 100 manufactories, there was left out of 13,300 buildings, just *one*. The fire was at last stopped by blowing up with gunpowder a line of houses to the south of the fire, while on the north it only ceased its ravages when there was nothing more to burn. The direction of the

wind prevented the fire from spreading to the westward. Over 98,000 people were rendered homeless, and nearly all the public buildings in the city—Custom-Houses, Post-Office, Court-House, Churches, Hotels, Theatres, Banks, and Railway Stations—were destroyed. The area over which the fire extended, and which it burnt out, was about four miles in length by from one to one and a-half miles in width, the estimated amount of street frontage destroyed being 73 miles.

If it was difficult to realise that only fifty years ago Chicago was a mere hamlet, it was almost more difficult to realise that only eleven years had elapsed since such a dire calamity overtook the city. Her rivals thought the blow which fell on the city in 1871 would crush her, and that before she rose from her ashes her commerce would be gone. But the men who had made Chicago were not to be crushed. Before the ashes of the burnt city were cool the work of rebuilding was commenced. Fortunately the records of the titles by which the building lots in the city were held were saved from the fire by the courage and determination of their custodian, so that legal difficulties which might otherwise have arisen were avoided. Every man, whatever his station, put his hand to the work that was to do. Merchant princes might be seen in their shirt sleeves digging among and clearing away the ruins of their business premises, that new ones might be reared in their place. In the course of the first year after the fire, buildings representing when finished, a value of over eight millions of pounds sterling, had been either erected or started, and within three years the city had been provided with buildings equal in capacity to, and double the value of, those destroyed by the fire. Never for a moment did Chicago stop its onward progress. In 1872 the population had increased to 367,000; in 1874, to 395,000; and at present it is believed to be over half-a-million. It is now the most beautiful city in the United States, and probably in the world; and year by year, as the rich country behind it is opened up and settled, its commerce and its riches increase.

Before leaving Chicago I had the pleasure of meeting a son of the Rev. Mr Sage, the first Free Church minister of Resolis, in Ross-shire, and one of the leaders of the Evangelical party in the Church of Scotland, prior to and at the Disruption. Mr Wm. M.

Sage is General Freight Agent on the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railway, one of the largest systems running out of Chicago, and I afterwards heard from a countryman in Minnesota, who was unacquainted with him except by name, that he was the most popular Freight Agent in Chicago. The name of Mr Sage, of Resolis, is still a household word in the Highlands of Scotland, and Highlanders everywhere will be gratified to know that his son occupies so prominent and important a position in the West, and with so much acceptance to those with whom he comes in contact.

I left Chicago with regret, although I felt somewhat unhappy in being a mere onlooker among all the bustle and hurry around me. In the early evening we steamed out of Chicago on towards the Mississippi, which the beautiful Albert Lea Route crosses at Rock Island. The city of Saint Paul was my immediate destination, but

"The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley."

Early in the morning the conductor of the Pullman car called all the passengers, and told them if they wanted breakfast they must look sharp, as the dining-room car would be detached at West Liberty, which we were timed to reach at seven o'clock. A hurried toilet and a hurried breakfast were accomplished before West Liberty was reached, and there we found that not only were we to lose the dining-room car, but the sleeper as well. These went on to the west, while our route was to the north. Those of the passengers who were going in the latter direction had unwillingly to move into the rear cars. The transference brought me into contact with passengers who had joined the train during the night. To one of these my tongue betrayed me. He was a sharp-looking young gentleman, with fair hair and beard, and when he had passed me several times, looking sharply into my face each time, as I sat on the arm of one of the seats speaking to a lady and her child who had been my fellow-travellers over night, the extensive experience I had acquired during my two or three weeks' sojourn on the Continent enabled me to set him down at once as a Yankee, and, I was more than half inclined to add (to myself of course), an impudent one. I was never more mistaken. A more genuine and genial son of Scottish soil never

existed. While I was smoking on the platform of the car early in the forenoon, my "Yankee" friend joined me, and in a quiet and kindly tone asked me whether I was from the "old country." These are talismanic words away from home, and after I had satisfied my curiosity by finding out that I had betrayed my nationality by my pronunciation of Chicago (which it seems the Americans pronounce "Shicago"), my Yankee friend and I exchanged biographies. His name is Millar, a native of Caithness, for some time resident in Invergordon, and now having his home in Minneapolis. He came to America some thirteen years ago, went into a New York drapery house, doing an extensive wholesale business, and he now represents the house in the State of Iowa. When I met him he was on his way to his home in Minneapolis, which is two or three hundred miles from his business headquarters, to see his wife, who was in delicate health. With my newly formed acquaintance the day passed very pleasantly, and as we approached Minneapolis, my friend invited me to stay over night in the city, and make his house my home. I agreed to the first part of the proposal, but not to the second; and accordingly, on our arrival at Minneapolis, I sent on my baggage check, and found my way to the Nicolette House, the principal Hotel in Minneapolis, where, through the good offices of my friend, I obtained accommodation.

K. M'D.

(To be continued.)

PROPOSED TESTIMONIAL TO PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

THE readers of the *Celtic Magazine* are aware that a proposal was made some time ago in these pages to recognise in some public manner the services of Professor Blackie to the cause of our Gaelic language and literature, and more particularly his great and successful efforts for establishing a Celtic Chair in the University of Edinburgh. The present, just when the new Celtic Professor has begun his public labours, is a most opportune time for giving effect to the proposal. With that object in view, the Gaelic Society of Inverness have communicated with several influential Highlanders for active support; and all lovers of our Gaelic mother-tongue will be pleased to learn that, among others, the following noblemen and gentlemen have agreed to act as a Provisional Committee to promote the proposed testimonial, viz.:—The Right Hon. the Earl of Breadalbane; Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart., Lord Lieutenant of Ross-shire; Cluny Macpherson of Cluny Macpherson, C.B.; Lachlan Macdonald, Esq. of Skeabost; Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, Esq., M.P.; the Right Rev. Angus Macdonald, Bishop of Argyll and the Isles; Alex. Nicolson, Esq., M.A., LL.D., Advocate, Sheriff-Substitute of Kirkcudbright; Donald Mackinnon, Esq., M.A., Professor of the Celtic Languages and Literature in

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the University of Edinburgh; H. C. Macandrew, Esq., Provost of Inverness; Kenneth Macdonald, Esq., F.S.A. Scot., Town-Clerk of Inverness; John Mackay, Esq., C.E., Hereford; Major Colin Mackenzie, Seaforth Highlanders; Rev. Donald Macdonald, Glenfinnan; Bailie Macdonald, Aberdeen; Ex-Provost Simpson, Inverness; Councillor W. G. Stuart, Inverness; and the Council of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, which consists for the current year of—The Right Honourable The Earl of Dunmore, chief; Messrs Alexander Mackenzie, F.S.A. Scot., editor of the *Celtic Magazine*; John Macdonald, merchant, Exchange; and Alexander Macbain, M.A., headmaster of Raining School, Inverness, chieftains; William Mackay, F.S.A. Scot., solicitor, honorary secretary; William Mackenzie, Drummond Street, secretary; Duncan Mackintosh, Bank of Scotland, treasurer; Bailie Mackay, and Messrs George J. Campbell, solicitor; Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage; J. Whyte, librarian; and A. R. Macraill, writer, Inverness, members of council. Other gentlemen willing to join the Committee should intimate their wish to the Secretary.

Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, Esq., M.P., has consented to act as honorary treasurer. Mr William Mackenzie, Secretary of the Society, will act in the same capacity for the Committee.

A circular, setting forth the object in view, is now in course of being issued, and as it is impossible to send a copy of it to every one, we would urge on all who wish to co-operate in promoting the laudable object the Committee have in view, to communicate with the Secretary; or to send their subscriptions to the Honorary Treasurer at his residence, 5 Clarges Street, London, W.

In particular it is impossible to send the circular to many Highlanders in the Colonies, and elsewhere out of Scotland. We would, therefore, especially commend the matter to our leading countrymen abroad and in the South, and respectfully suggest to them the formation of Committees in the principle centres among Highlanders all over the world. Several subscriptions from ten guineas down to half-a-crown have been already intimated.

In his excellent inaugural address, Professor Mackinnon referred to Professor Blackie's labours in connection with the Celtic Chair in the following happy manner:—

"We owe it especially to the founder of the Chair, that no effort will be wanting on our part to prove that upon scientific, as well as upon patriotic grounds, the Chair fills a gap in our national system of education. It was founded as probably never Chair was founded before. When the history of the movement comes to be written, it will be found that the work was the work of one man. Professor Blackie undertook the duty when others failed. With a large faith, a firm purpose, a loving heart, and an eloquent tongue, during all these years he never lost sight of the object to which he devoted himself. He called himself the Apostle of the Celts; and he was ready to become all things to all men, that he might win—subscriptions. And subscriptions he did win—from high and low, rich and poor; from the student of science and the votary of commerce; from the peer and the peasant; from the Queen upon the throne and the poorest of her Highland subjects. . . . He has made the language of the Celt classical within these walls of learning. To use his own words, he has placed it

'With Greece and with Rome in the schools of the wise.'

And shall we not say to him in the old language of this land,

'Buaidh is piseach air a cheann'.

'An lù a chi 's nach fhaic.'"

And so say we.

Gu'm bu fada beo an sàr ghaisgeach.

MARBH-RANN DO CHALUM RUADH MACCOINNICH :
LE RUAIRIDH, A BHRATHAIR.

[THE following elegy was composed by Roderick Mackenzie, heir-male of the Old Mackenzies of Applecross, to his brother Malcolm Roy. The author composed several other very beautiful pieces, but few, if any, of them have been preserved. He had emigrated to Nova Scotia early in the century, leaving the devoted Malcolm behind him in this country. We are indebted for the manuscript, which is phonetically written, to Mrs Leed, Fairfield Road, Inverness, herself a near relation, and a direct descendant of the author, through her mother, Mrs Farquhar Macrae, Strome Hotel (North Side), Lochcarron.]

A Rìgh, gur mis' tha bochd, truagh,
'S tric deoir air mo ghruaidh,
'S mò 's tric mi ri luaidh mo dhòruinn,
'S mi ri cumhadh 'n fhir ruaidh,
Dh'fhag mi thall thair a' chuain,
Far nach cluinn mi, a luaidh, do chòmhradh.
'S e mo chridhe 'tha bruit',
'S tric snidh' air mo shuil,
'S thuit m' inntinn gu tuirs' a's bròn domh ;
'S ann agam tha'm fàth,
'S mi 'chaill mo dheas-làimh,
Mo thasgaidh, 's mo bhrathair ro-mhath.
Aona bhrathair mo ghaoil,
Dh'fhag cho muldach mi,
'S nach urrainn domh inns' mo dhòruinn ;
'S ann domhsa tha buan,
H-uile mionaid is uair,
A bhi cuimhneachadh buaidhean t'oige,
'S cha'n 'eil lighich fo'n ghrein,
A leighseas mo chreuchd,
An taobh-sa Mhac Dhe na Glòire ;
Bho'n thainig gun dail
Ort sumanadh bàis,
Thuit mo chridhe fo shàil mo bhroige.
Sid am bàs 'thig gu teach,
Air sliochd Adhaimh fa leth,
Bho rinn 'Namhaid ar creach 's ar spuilleadh.
Mur be 'n Tì le mhòr ghràs,
Gu'n do sheas E na'r n-àit,
Bhiodh sinn' uile bàite còmhladh ;
Tha mi 'n dòchas, a ghraidh,
Gu'n d' rinn creideamh thu slàn
Anns an Tì am beil fàth nar dòchais ;
'S cha'n 'eil teagamh 'n am chridh,
Nach eil t-anam an sìth,
Mar-ri ainglibh a' seinn nan òran.

Bu mhi d' Oisean bochd, truagh,
 'S mi 'dh'fheudadh a luaidh
 Gu 'm bu diombuan, neo-bhuan do sheorsa ;
 Bha iad foghainteach, garbh,
 'S bha iad math air ceann airm,
 'S bu mhath cuid diubh gu sealg fear cròice ;
 Chunnaic mise thu fein,
 Nach fhaicinn air feill,
 No 'n co-thional cheud aig Ordugh,
 Na bu smearaile ceum,
 'Gabhail beachd ort na d' dheigh,
 'S tu 'g amharc fo t'eudadh Dòmhaich.

Thigeadh feileadh nam ball,
 Air a phreasadh gu teann ;
 'Se nach fheumadh 'bhi gann da dheanamh ;
 Gartan craobhach, caol, daight',
 'S osan gearr do'n chlò bhreac,
 Bho laimh tailllear bu mhath gu fhiaradh.
 Air an iosgaid ghil, dhluth,
 Bu ro-shoillear fo'n ghlinn,
 Air an dearcadh gach suil air lianaig ;
 'S cha bu chladhaire thu,
 'N fhuair a chuir' thu gu d' chùl,
 'S cha robh taise 'n ad ghnais gu strìochdadh.

Mo ghradh an spalpaire grinn,
 Air an laidheadh na rainn,
 Air nach d' rainnig an aois mhor bhliadhnaibh ;
 Dha 'n robh cridhe neo-thoinnt',
 Leis nach d' rugadh an fhoill,
 Pairteach, furanach, fialaidh, foirmeil ;
 Fear modhail 's e ciuin,
 'S fiamh a' ghair' air a ghnùis,
 'S e na labhairt cho mùint ri maighdinn ;
 Anns gach cruadal a's tùirn,
 'S tu nach teicheadh air chùl,
 'S bha thu fearail an cuisean saighdeir.

'Gur e 'n t-eug bha gun bhàigh,
 Bhuail e palsaidh na d' laimh,
 'Chaidh le sumanadh bàis g'ad iarraidh ;
 Is maor le 'n teidear an t-aog,
 Nach gabh cumha no clis,
 Ach bhi umhailt' gach taobh g'an iarr e ;
 'S maor e 'bhagras gach rìgh,
 Anns gach cath agus strì
 Chumadh cogadh fad mhiltean bliadhna ;
 Bha e treun anns gach blàr,
 A's lann gheur 'na d'heas laimh,
 Do 'm feum uile shìol Adhaimh strìochdadh.

Bho'n thainig mi'n nuadh-dhuthaich,
Iomallaich, fhuair,

Fhuair mi carrachdainn cruaidh gu leor innt';
Bho 'n dh'eug Mairi mo ruin,
'Sa chaill mi fradharc mo shùl,
'S mòr gum b'fhearr leam 'bhi 'n duthaich m' eolais;
Gu'm beil m' aigneadh gach uair,
'Ruith a null air a' chuan,
'S mi ri cumha Chaluim Ruaidh, 's nach beo e;
'S mi mar dhuine gun cholg,
Dheth a spuilteadh 'chuid airm,
'S gur e cumha nam marbh a leòn mi.

Tha gach fear 'thig as ùr
'G inns' a chorr dheth do chliu,
De na thainig an taobh so dh' fhaire;
'S bi gach fear a tha thall
'Cur an aonta na cheann,
Nach deach aon ni 'chur meallt' na mharbhrainn,
Mu'n laoch mhisneachail, threun.
Do 'n robh gliocas le ceill,
Anns gach subhaile bha ceutach, ainmeil;
'S bho 'n bhàrc ort an t-eug,
Thuit an cùl as mo sgeith,
'S mi gun bhrathair 'n ad dheigh bho 'n dh'fhalbh thu.

CELTIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

It is our purpose in future to devote a small portion of our space to the recording, in the form of short notes, of important events of a Celtic character, especially such as bear upon the language and literature of the Gael. We shall be glad to receive contributions from friends who may have any facts to communicate which they consider would add to the freshness and interest of this department. Announcements of forthcoming Celtic works, intimations of the formation of Celtic Societies, or of the inception and progress of any movements for preserving the records and traditions, or promoting the use of the language, of the Gael, are the description of notes which we specially invite.

A resolution was come to by the Gaelic Society of Inverness last winter, of establishing a class for the teaching of Gaelic. We hope the suggestion will be cordially taken up now that the Society has entered on its winter work, and that a flourishing class will be the result.

Two rare and important Highland works are about to be re-issued, namely, "Martin's Western Islands of Scotland," and Dean Munro's work on the same subject at an earlier period. Both works have long been scarce and difficult to procure, and

we have no doubt many will gladly avail themselves of this opportunity of securing them.

We are glad to observe that the veteran Lochfyne bard, Mr Evan MacColl, is about to give to the world a new, enlarged, and revised edition of his sweet lyrics, both English and Gaelic. We bespeak for the volumes a reception worthy of a true and genuine poet, as well as a warm-hearted and manly Highlander.

The Earl of Seafield has recently issued, for the private use of friends and connections of the Family of Grant, the history of the "Chiefs of Grant," in three magnificent volumes. The work of compiling the history was intrusted to Dr William Fraser, of the Register House, Edinburgh, a fact, which in itself, guarantees its complete and thoroughly trustworthy character. The wide ramifications of the history of the Grant family, and the important share which they have always taken in the stirring event of past times in the Highlands, must of necessity render the work one of outstanding value to the student of Highland history. As an expression of his interest in Inverness and its institutions, the Earl of Seafield has presented a copy of "The Chiefs of Grant" to the Public Library.

"Woods, Forests, and Estates of Perthshire," is the title of a most charming book by Mr Thomas Hunter, editor of the *Perthshire Constitutional*. One does not know whether to admire most Mr Hunter's interesting pedigrees of the trees and forests of Perthshire, or his lively and enthusiastic pictures of the estates which have reared them. Mr Hunter is almost entitled to the description applied to the naturalist of old, who "spake of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that groweth out of the wall." We shall avail ourselves of an early opportunity of giving this book a more extended notice.

The Rev. Mr Maccallum, of Arisaig, has published a small collection of Gaelic verses under the title of "Sop as gach Seid;" but beyond the fact that the booklet is tastefully got up, and clearly and pretty correctly printed, there is not much calling for praise. Mr Maccallum has done much meritorious work in other spheres, and is capable of doing more—poetry is, however, not his *forte*. The time required to produce the Gaelic rhymes before us may be described as wasted on the profitless occupation of "trusadh nan Sop 's a' leigeil nan boitean leis an t-sruth," while more important work lies to Mr Maccallum's hand all around him. It requires something more than poetic licence to justify our author, when he makes the sun rise on Christmas Eve. The astronomical phenomenon is thus referred to on page 11 :—

"Furan's fault' ort, Oidhe Nollaig !
Deonach molam fein thu ;
Soills' na Grein rinn sinne sona,
Roimhe ortsa dh' eirich."

Messrs MacIachlan & Stewart, Edinburgh, are about to publish a large collection of Highland dance music. The tunes are arranged and selected by Mr James Stewart-Robertson of Edradynate, a gentleman of wide experience in this department of science and art. The collection will consist of no fewer than 800 tunes. The same publishers have also in the press another musical work, namely, a collection of Gaelic songs, with airs and English translations, edited and arranged by Mr Charles Stewart of Tigh-an-duin, whose name is sufficient guarantee that the work will be all that good taste, wide and correct knowledge, and hearty Highland enthusiasm can make it.

The third volume of Mackintosh's "History of Civilisation in Scotland" has just

been issued, and it fully justifies the high anticipations excited by the former volumes. This volume is devoted to an account of the Union of the Crowns in 1603, the Covenanted struggle, the Commonwealth, the Restoration, the Revolution, the Risings, and the social and literary history of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The work, when completed, as it is expected to be by the publication of a fourth volume, will form a monument of faithful and painstaking labour. No Scotchman's library can be complete without it. We only say this much at present, as we purpose to review the volume before us more fully on an early occasion.

A deputation of gentlemen interested in the promotion of the study and intelligent use of Gaelic in Irish schools, recently waited upon the Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant, with the view of enlisting his aid in the accomplishment of their purpose. What the prospects held out to them were we know not, but we mention the fact as an example and incentive to the friends of the Gaelic language in Scotland to bestir themselves in a similar manner. The concession made in the Code a few years ago in favour of the movement amounts to no more than a recognition of its reasonableness. Its practical value is infinitesimal, and therefore we trust our societies will buckle on their armour once more for further demands, and raise the question to the position of a test one on the hustings, in view of the extension of electoral power to the mass of the Highland population.

One of the most important events in the history of the Celtic languages, and one likely to exert a weighty influence on their future preservation and utilisation, occurred recently at Edinburgh. We refer to the inauguration of the Chair of Celtic Languages, History, Literature, and Antiquities. The inaugural address delivered by Professor Mackinnon, is now before us, and the highest praise which we can bestow upon it is to say that it was eminently worthy of the occasion. It bears evidence of being the work of one who can apply to the unique and all-important labours on which he has entered, those qualities, in a very high degree, which are necessary for the effective discharge of the duties of his office. In Mr Mackinnon's address, the field to be brought under cultivation is first sketched. In doing so he evinces an extensive and minute acquaintance with all the available historical and philological sources of information. To this is added a thorough knowledge of the vernacular, and he brings to bear upon the work a spirit of admirable candour and impartiality, that enables him to address himself to it in a truly philosophic spirit, willing to receive light and teaching from the endless variety of dialectic differences which prevail in the domain of the Gaelic tongue, instead of dogmatically elevating the *patois* of a district into the position of an infallible standard. Mr Mackinnon adopts as the principle of his conduct that of the apostle, and also that of science and common sense, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

In connection with the work of the Celtic Chair, Mr Mackinnon is preparing a series of Gaelic Reading Books, the first of which is now in the press; and, judging from advanced sheets which have been sent us, the work is done in a thorough and accurate manner. We are certain that the preparation of these manuals alone will lead to a renewed interest in the teaching of the language, not merely in connection with the University classes in Edinburgh, but over the length and breadth of the Gaelic world. There are at present in existence no class-books that could be made available, and thus a great desideratum will be supplied; and did Professor Mackinnon accomplish nothing else, he would, even for this act alone, have deserved well of the youth of his country.